

## Will You Still Dance With Me? by ilovekimkelly

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** 1950s, Best Friends, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Beverly Marsh is a Good Friend, Canon - IT (Book/Movie/Miniseries Combination), Dancing, Gay Panic, Gay Richie Tozier, Gen, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is Bad at Feelings, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Smoking, richie tozier loves buddy holly

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Richie Tozier

**Relationships:** Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-12-13

**Updated:** 2019-12-13

**Packaged:** 2019-12-13 01:26:19

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 894

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Richie tells Beverly he's gay

## Will You Still Dance With Me?

### Author's Note:

set in summer 1958 (book timeline)  
kinda inspired by the Richie & Bev dancing scene in  
"11/22/63"

Beverly mostly hung out with Richie because they both smoked, and they both liked Buddy Holly but hated the Everly Brothers. On their usual escapades down to the quarry, Bev brought the cigarettes and Richie brought the radio. Sometimes they danced together, practicing swing moves and the lindy-hop. They were cut from the same cloth; two rebellious, hurting teenagers stuck in a small town.

Richie was usually bored and angry at nothing, and he needed a smoke, so he'd call up Bev and see if she was available to hang around that day. Calling Bev's house was always a risk, seeing as her father could pick up any one of those times, but he never did. Beverly always warned Richie not to call, but nothing bad had happened yet. And though they'd gotten close over that summer, he never really understood how deeply troubled his friend's home life was. To his credit, he was busy thinking about other things, like secrets, and bullies, and boys. Today was an important day. Today, he was going to tell Beverly his secret. He simply didn't have the mental capacity to think about who would pick up the phone.

Thank god it was Bev.

"Hello?" her soft voice sounded crackly through the phone's speaker.

"Hey, Bevvie! I thought me and you could have sex today!"

"You suck." Richie smiled at this, and he knew that Bev was smiling too.

"I know. Meet me at the quarry in fifteen minutes?"

"Okay." The click of the receiver had him feeling anxious again. He'd probably pussy out before telling her. God.

Was he even sure he was gay? It sounded wrong. His first run-in with homosexuality was the bit he'd read of that pulp fiction book he'd found outside of a bus stop last year. His mother dismissed those kinds of books as trash, Richie couldn't even imagine what she would think if she knew he'd read one of the more scandalous ones. Since then, he'd heard more about that McCarthyism bullshit, how gays were being fired from their jobs and stuff. It was scary. He didn't want to end up like one of those men; out of work and on their own.

But in any case, he knew it was possible for boys to like boys, and he was pretty sure he was one of them. But what if he wasn't? And what if he didn't want to be?

He made it to the quarry early, riding his bike as fast as he could, all kinds of thoughts racing through his mind. He didn't feel like going down into the clubhouse; he'd think about Eddie too much down there.

"Richie! What are you looking so angry about?" Richie jumped at Bev's voice behind him. "Whao, relax, it's just me."

"I'm sorry Bev," the boy quickly regained his composure, "I was just thinking about you and me. You know. How about it?" A shit-eating grin spread across his face. He was so good at pretending to like girls. And it was easy with Beverly, he really did like being around her.

"If you keep being a jackass, I'm going to stop dancing with you."

"Oh god, please no, Bevvie, you're the love of my life!" Beverly was about to say something to shut him up, but he cut the bit and asked her for a cigarette before she could.

They smoked in silence for a while.

"What's wrong?" Beverly asked, concerned. It wasn't often that Richie was quiet, especially for this long.

"Nothing. Do you think I look like Buddy Holly?"

"Something's wrong. And of course you look like Buddy Holly."

"That's the problem, Bev, I look so much like Buddy Holly, people

mistake me for him all the time! It gets so difficult sometimes, just walking down the street, because everybody fucking-” Richie stopped. He never stopped in the middle of a bit.

Bev put a hand on his shoulder. “It’s okay.”

“I have something to tell you. For real.” He was full of surprises today. He’d been sucking on his cigarette so hard, it was done before Beverly had barely started hers. He crushed the butt on the ground and stared at the pile of ash. “I think I like Eddie.”

There was a silence. Beverly shifted a bit and Richie gulped, quickly lighting another cigarette. “This was a mistake, this was a mistake, this was a mistake.”

Then Bev spoke. “I know.” She crushed her cigarette out, too. “I mean, I didn’t really know. But I thought so, maybe. It just makes sense. Sort of.”

“Are you mad?”

Beverly wracked her brain, but she couldn’t think of a time when Richie sounded as scared as right now, even when he was battling a clown inside a sewer. “Of course I’m not mad.”

Richie relaxed a little, but was still sucking on his cigarette like a pacifier. “Will you still dance with me?” To Richie, dancing with Bev was safety. It was calm and peace and real love. He could be himself with Bev. Himself being a shitty, pissed off, bastard. He needed to dance with her, so he could be someone else. A kind, talented gentleman.

“I’d never stop dancing with you,” Beverly smiled that small, soft smile of hers. “I like you too much.”

“And don’t tell anyone. Swear on it.”

“I swear.”

And they danced together.